

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"— VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. II.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1814.

[NO. 47

(ORIGINAL.)

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ANTHONY AND SERAPHINA.

(Continued from our last.)

O Heavens, this is too much, exclaimed the unfortunate woman. After an interval of some silence, hearing no more, we concluded that she was left alone, and perhaps had fainted; accordingly we went to her assistance, and a most affecting spectacle met our view—A most beautiful young woman, whose age could not exceed twenty, lay to all appearance lifeless on the ground, and a lovely infant, playing with the face of its senseless mother. The sight overpowered my feelings, and I involuntarily seated myself beside her; while Carlos' presence of mind prompted him to run to a brook, and fetch some water, which he threw in her face, and to our infinite satisfaction we succeeded in recovering her senses: perceiving she was considerably alarmed to find herself in the hands of strangers, we pledged our honour to protect and convey her in safety to her friends. Alas! said she, I have no friends; I have no home; I have nothing in this world which I can call my own except my child. A few hours ago I would not have exchanged situations with the greatest monarch in the universe. O cruel, cruel, Anthony, how have we separated! how have you left me!

Dear aunt, whether she was guilty of a crime or not, I did not give myself time to consider; whatever might have been the cause of her distress and unhappiness, I did not wish to be her judge. I leave that to those whose narrow contracted capacities and inclinations oftentimes induce them hastily to lay hold of such an excuse, to avoid relieving or interesting themselves in the misfortunes of their fellow creatures. Mean subterfuge; prudent souls; how cruel they consider such conduct when retorted upon themselves! As the lady appeared to be extremely weak and fatigued, I took her hand and placed it within my arm, and Carlos carried her child. We soon conducted them to the place where we had left the carriage, in which we begged the lady to seat herself: she took possession of one corner and wrapped herself and her child in a large shawl, as if to retire as much as possible from observation; while the tears which she vainly endeavoured to conceal, flowed fast and silently down her fair cheeks, my heart bled with anguish at the sight. I was interested and afflicted beyond expression! wished to tell her how sincerely I participated in her sorrow; but the words died away before I could give them utterance. The delicacy of my respect prevented me offering the consolation which my feelings prompted; lest by some untoward expression she should be led to suppose that I betrayed the least disposition

to become acquainted with the cause of her sorrow; which would thereby have caused an additional pang to her sensibility. No, fair mourner, rather let me remain in ignorance for ever. The feelings which over charged my heart I could suppress no longer, and gave vent to them by a copious flood of tears. The pleasing distress which arises from the emotions of sympathy, especially when the heart is afflicted by some recent disappointment, is feebly alive to the unhappy situation of the children of sorrow. My mind was so fully occupied by these reflections that we arrived at Mr. Purville's before I supposed we had proceeded half way.

Now how sincerely did I implore heaven that she might find an asylum in the house of Mr. Purville, a generous feeling friend, and a protector in the person of his wife. As we were going to alight, she requested to remain in the carriage, until we had introduced her unhappy story; therefore politeness induced me to remain with her. Carlos, who was absent only a few minutes, returned with his cousin Mr. Purville and his amiable wife, who I supposed had been informed of the unhappy lady. I paid particular attention to the manner in which she received her; for by that it was my intention to form my opinion of her sensibility; her fine eyes which spoke the language of a noble soul, her sweet countenance, and altogether pleasing exterior, relieved my anxiety and apprehension concerning the reception of the lady. I was not disappointed; the tear,—the extended hand, and the sincere and friendly welcome, which accompanied it contributed to form the most grateful satisfaction in my mind; and the most agreeable prepossessions of her benevolence and humanity. O my dear aunt, I cannot describe to you my feelings at that moment; she appeared an angel of purity and goodness. Though Mr. Purville was a gentleman of an engaging appearance, there was a sort of suspicious reserve in his manners which at first sight, to a stranger of delicate feelings, was peculiarly disagreeable. I attribute it to his extensive commerce with the world, in which he has met with many very severe losses and disappointments from the villainy and ingratitude of those on whom he placed unlimited confidence. This apparent restraint after a short acquaintance wore away, and showed in him a mind at once both noble and generous: the soundness of his judgment and cultivated taste also rendered him a desireable and agreeable companion. Among the many families who were solicitous for his acquaintance he had made choice of but few, consequently his circle of friends was small; therefore he had it in his power to render himself happy, by seeing them frequently.

Some time had passed since we had been the visitors of Mr. Purville. One day soon after dinner we retired into the garden and seated ourselves in an arbour, under the shade of a most luxuriant grape vine, and partook of some of its delicious fruit, while we listened

with serious attention to the account of Mrs. L'Moore, (which was the name of the unfortunate lady) with which, according to promise, she acquainted us, and related the following, which is as near as I can recollect in her own words:

My father was an eminent merchant in the city of New-York: being extraordinary prosperous in his commercial affairs he soon acquired an affluent fortune, which induced him to relinquish business and enlarge the expences of his house to such a degree, that my mother, fearing the consequences of his repeated extravagance, often remonstrated with him in vain: he would silence her entreaties, but not her anxiety, by replying that his finances were and would be equal to support all demands. I was their only child. I had just entered my tenth year, when death put a period to the life of my tender, affectionate, but misguided parent: which was such a shock to the tender frame of my dear mother that she did not long survive him. I was taken by Mr. L'Moor, the most intimate friend of my father, who promised to be as such to me. In the caresses of Mr. and Mrs. L'Moor I did no forget my dear parents: the loss I had sustained in their death at that tender age I felt most severely. I would often indulge myself in tears, but as I knew my dejection would wound the feeling of this affectionate woman, I was particularly careful to avoid giving her reason to suppose that was the case; however, one day, as I imagined I was perfectly secluded from observation, I laid no restraint on my feelings, when she suddenly appeared and caught me in her arms, saying, O my Seraphina, my child! why will you grieve me thus: cease my love to afflict yourself and me, by murmuring against the dispensations of Providence: it is really impious; therefore endeavour to suppress those emotions which prey on your mind, and which in a short time will undermine your health; and then my dear girl I may lose you also: consider your mother was very dear to me: before she died she gave you to me as a most precious deposit and sacred relic of her friendship; therefore I will be a mother to you most truly: my husband already esteems you as his daughter, and my Anthony, my only child, loves you as his sister: your loss would occasion great unhappiness in my family: your pale countenance and melancholy appearance pierce my heart with anguish: I have long suspected the cause, and do apprehend the worst. O forgive me, my dear madam; I replied, I would not for the world have been the cause of these painful sensations to you—I will indeed endeavour to resume that cheerfulness which used to be the delight of my mother. I will no more give you reason to suppose me unmindful of your happiness: yes, my dear friend and mother, by considering yours I shall secure my own. Come my daughter, says she, kissing off the tears from my cheeks, come, and let me possess your undivided affection. From that time I was unremitting in my attention to the various masters

she procured in order to complete my education. Anthony, who was far my superior in the different branches of learning, afforded me sincere pleasure by his endeavours to instruct and amuse me. As nothing material happened from that time, to that on which I entered my eighteenth year, I shall pass it over in silence. Anthony, who was two years older than myself, and whom I considered as a pattern of excellence and goodness, both in personal and mental accomplishments, I could no longer look upon as a brother: a more tender sentiment had taken possession of my breast: I had no reason to believe it reciprocated on his part; yet I was calculating with hope on future felicity, without even dreaming that it was possible that there might be another person, who perhaps had a prior claim on his affections. He had been absent a few days, and on his return, he was accompanied by a gentleman whose name was B—y, who was in every respect an agreeable and engaging person: he had not been our visitor many days, before I began to think he was rather too particular in his attention to me: at one time finding me alone, he begged my pardon for intruding on my solitude, and requested my attention to a subject on which his happiness depended; he seated himself on a chair beside me: and at that moment Anthony came to the door, on seeing us he retired immediately, as I thought with a look of displeasure; I arose to follow him, when B—y caught my hand, and implored me in mercy to hear him. I do not know how I had patience to do it, for on looking out at the window, I saw Anthony with hurried steps descend the porch, with his eyes directed towards the window at which we were seated, on seeing me he hastily withdrew them, and in a few minutes was out of sight.

(To be continued.)

ON THE EFFECTS OF FLATTERY.

FROM A PARIS JOURNAL.

THE critics of the fair sex tell us they are vain, frivolous, ignorant, coquetish, capricious, and what not. Unjust that we are! it is the fable of the lion and the man;—but since the ladies have become authors they can take their revenge, were they not too generous for such a passion. Though they have learnt to paint, their sketches of man are gentle and kind.

But if the ladies were what surly misanthropes call them, who is to blame? Is it not we who spoil, who corrupt, who seduce them?

Is it surprising that a pretty woman should be vain, when we daily praise, to her face, her charms, her taste, and her wit? Can we blame her vanity, when we tell her that nothing can resist her attractions; that there is nothing so barbarous which she cannot soften; nothing so elevated that she cannot subdue; when we tell that her eyes are brighter than day; that her form is fairer than summer, more refreshing than spring; that her lips are vermillion; that her skin combines the whiteness of the lily with the carnation of the rose?

Do we censure a fine woman as frivolous, when we unceasingly tell her that no other study becomes her but that of varying her pleasures; that she requires no talent but for the arrangement of new parties; no ideas beyond the thought of the afternoon's amusement?

Can we blame her frivolity, when we tell her that her hands were not made to touch the needle, or to soil their whiteness in domestic employments? Can we blame her frivolity, when we tell her that the look of seriousness chases from her cheek the dimple in which the Loves and the Graces wanton; that reflexion clouds her brow with care; and that she who thinks, sacrifices the smile that makes beauty charm, and the gaiety that renders wit attractive?

How can a pretty woman fail to be ignorant, when the first lesson she is taught is, that beauty supercedes and dispenses with every other quality;—that all she needs to know is, that she is pretty; that to be intelligent is to be pedantic; and that to be more learned than one's neighbour, is to incur the reproach of absurdity and affectation?

Shall we blame her for being a coquette, when the indiscriminate flattery of every man teaches her that the homage of one is as good as that of another? It is the same darts, the same flames, the same beaux, the same coxcombs. The man of sense, when he attempts to compliment, recommends the art of the beau, since he condescends to do with awkwardness what a monkey can do with grace. With all she is a goddess, and to her all men are equally mortals.—How can she prefer when there is no merit, or be constant when there is no superiority?

Is she capricious? Can she be otherwise when she hears that the universe must be proud to wait her commands; that the utmost of a lover's hope is to be the humblest of her slaves; that to fulfil the least of her commands is the highest ambition of her adorers?

And are women so unjust to censure the idols made by their own hands? Let us be just; let us begin the work of reformation; when men cease to flatter, women will cease to deceive; when men are wise, women will be wise to please. The ladies do not force the taste of the men: they only adapt themselves to it. They may corrupt, and be corrupted; they may improve, and be improved.

MEMORY.

FAR from my native vale, and oppressed with the existing evils of life, my mind wandered into the garden of *memory* to seek for consolation. She led me to the bank where, in my infancy, I had plucked the earliest flowers to deck my garland of delight. We then entered a grove, where all the companions of my youth were assembled, and the song and the dance went round on the daisy-enamelled green. We then retired to a sequestered spot, where the *muse* seated herself by my side, and taught my faltering tongue to breathe the effusion of my soul. Here I beheld *Jame*, high seated in the clouds, who, I thought, beckoned to me, and held a wreath of laurel in her hand. I then visited many a path where the softer *passions* attended on all my steps; and where *hope* and *expectation* joined us in our walk, and pointed out the distant regions of *happiness*. Absorbed in this vision of *past times*, my mind, for a while, forgot its sorrows. The vision was too delicious not to be repeated; till charmed by each sweet remembrance, I resolved to revisit, in person, the scenes which, in the eyes of *memory*, appeared so replete with enjoyment!

I arrived!—I retrace them all!—but, alas! what a change!—the hills and the vallies remained, but all beside were so much altered, that they no longer bore resemblance to what *memory* had represented them! The pastoral stream had been converted into mill-ponds, and the groves, once dedicated to pleasure, which adorned its margin, were levelled with the ground! ‘These alterations (said I) may be profitable to a few sordid individuals, but they are death to the sentimental traveller who revisits his paternal fields after years of absence.’ Almost every habitation had undergone a transformation, and I knew not the people that possessed them!—Of those that passed me in my walks, few indeed were the faces which I could recognise! but innumerable were those which I had never seen before; and I was as a stranger in my native vale! I enquired after the lovely maids, and the youths who had once formed our circle of *happiness*, and I was conducted to many an urn raised o'er the relics of juvenile beauty, and to many a stone that covered the remains of many an untimely departed friend! and all these things had happened within the short period of a few years!

My mind sickened at the view, and I found that *memory*, by preserving the scenes of past enjoyments, does but augment the force of existing evils. I returned pensively home, and invoked *sleep* to compose my agitated spirit—sleep, which, in the absence of positive pleasure, is the first blessing in life.

HAPPINESS.

THE scenes of my life have been sad,’ said a poor Frenchman, who had scrambled up one of the most precipitous mountains of North Wales, and was now pensively leaning on his stick, and casting a mournful look towards the wide expanse of waters, which bounded his prospect—‘The scenes of my life have been sad,’ repeated he, and a tear silently stole down his cheek, as the painful recollection of the past again struck upon his soul—‘I have pursued the public happiness all over the world, and have lived but to find it a phantom of the brain—I have suffered the torture of the inquisition in Spain—I have been chained to the gallies in Italy—I have starved on the mountains of Switzerland—I have groaned as a slave in Turkey—I have languished beneath the republican tyranny in France—and, lastly, I have been whipped as a vagabond in England—and I am grown grey in misery, and old age has overtaken me in wretchedness!—The tears streamed plentifully down the cheeks of the unfortunate old man, as this painful retrospect presented itself to his mind.—The sun was just casting his last rays over the waters, and the west was tinged with bright streaks of vermillion and gold.—Not a breath of air ruffled the surface of the deep—not a sound invaded the ear—all was stillness and serenity, except when the last notes of the ascending sky lark sunk on the air, while the feathered songster himself was lost in distance. He insensibly felt his spirits tranquillized by the universal harmony which reigned around—the balm of peace descended upon his soul—he looked upon the wanderings of his past days with a calm, but melancholy regret—it was too late to begin life anew; and, a little rest was necessary. When the sun had sunk beneath the horizon, he laid himself on the turf, and soon dropped into a

sweet and an uninterrupted slumber. In the morning he arose refreshed. Beneath the wide-spreading branches of a venerable tree, he constructed a simple hut—his meat was supplied by the roots and the herbs of the valley; and the crystal spring, which bubbled by his dwelling, afforded him a wholesome beverage.—Every evening beheld him sinking peacefully to repose on his bed of leaves; and every dawning day saw him rise refreshed and cheerful.—In a short time he discovered that he was happy—the discovery astonished him. He was isolated—an outcast—depending on the spontaneous products of the earth for sustenance, and only sheltered from the inclemency of the weather, by a cabin, over which the den of the wild beast possessed many advantages. Under such circumstances, that he could be happy, was to him incomprehensible.—After musing for some time on the strangeness of the fact, he found out that all the miseries of his past life were to be imputed to himself; that they arose from his own restlessness and ambition; and that true philosopher's stone, which converts every thing it touches into gold, the real source of all human happiness, is contentment.

Variety.

A SINGULAR WARNING.

DIED at Boardman, State of Ohio, the 12th of Feb. last, Major RICHARD ELLIOTT, of the prevailing epidemic. The circumstances of his death are indeed truly extraordinary; they are thus stated in a letter from Comfort S. Mygatt, Esq. to the keeper of the Post-office in this town, dated Canfield, Ohio, Feb. 15th, 1814.

"On Sabbath evening, about nine o'clock, returning from Poland, he (the deceased) observed two lights coming towards him, in the shape of half moons. When the lights met him they seemed to enclose him in a circle round his breast; when a voice pronounced these words distinctly, 'Are you prepared to die?' He answered, 'if it was God's will he thought he was.' The lights then passed him a short distance; but, turning back, they followed him until he arrived against the burying ground; where they made a stand, and he could observe them by looking back for half a mile. He mentioned these circumstances to his wife on arriving home, and assured her, he should live but a few days. Next morning he told his son, about 19 years old, he must go and do some business at Mahoning, which he (the father) expected to have done himself; for he should live but a few days. On Monday morning, he went to his store, at the centre of Boardman, and there informed Mr. Charles Boardman, and others, of these circumstances, as I have related them. When he shut his store, a little after noon, he said he should never open it again. On Tuesday he sent for my neighbour Dr. Bostwick, and stated to him what he had seen, and his full belief of his approaching dissolution, and manifested a resignation to the will of Providence. After that day, he was somewhat deranged by turns, until the scene with him was closed. This is a simple statement of the circumstances of his sickness & death."—*Danbury Gazette.*

MENDICANT MONK.

PIRKHEIMER, a German, informed Erasmus of a comical dispute which he had with a mendicant monk. This good man being in company where Erasmus was highly commended, shewed his dissatisfaction by his countenance and gestures; and being hard pushed to declare what he had to censure in Erasmus, he said, that this man, whom they affected to extol so much, was a notorious eater of fowls, and that he knew it to be true, not from the testimony of others, but of his own eyes. "Did Erasmus buy them, or steal them?" said Pirckheimer. "He bought them," said the monk. "Why then," quoth Pirckheimer, "there is a certain fox, who is a much greater knave; for he comes into my yard frequently and takes away a fowl without paying me. But is it then a sin to eat fowls?" "Most certainly," answered the Monk: "It is the sin of gluttony; and it becomes the more heinous when it is committed and frequently repeated by churchmen." "Perhaps," said Pirckheimer, "he eats them on fast-days." "No," said the Monk; "but we ecclesiastics ought to abstain upon all days from such delicacies." "Ah! my good father," said Pirckheimer, "it is not by eating dry bread that you have got that huge paunch of yours; and if all the fowls which have gone into it could lift up their voices at once, and cackle in concert, they would make noise enough to drown the drums and trumpets of an army!"

IN the Bombay papers is the following account of the punishment of a criminal at Boroda, by an elephant. The man was a slave and two days before had murdered his master, brother to a native chieftain, named Ameer Shaeh. About 11 o'clock the elephant was brought out, with only the driver on its back, surrounded by natives with bamboos in their hands. The criminal was placed three yards behind, on the ground, his legs tied by three ropes, which were fastened to a ring on the right hind leg of the animal. At every step the elephant took, it jerked him forwards, and eight or ten steps must have dislocated every limb: for they were loose and broken, when the elephant had proceeded 500 yards. The man though covered with mud, shewed every sign of life, and seemed to be in most excruciating torments: the skin from off his back hung loose and in pieces, even far behind his head; the slow motion of the elephant appeared to give him time to breathe, till the leg he is tied to moves, when he is thrown forwards.—After having been tortured in this manner about an hour, he was taken outside of the town, when the elephant, which is instructed for such occasions, is backed, and puts his foot on the criminal's head.

Weekly Museum

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1814.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

Intelligence from England, via West-Indies, to the 8th of January, has been received. It states that Admiral Sir A. Cochrane was to hoist his flag on board the Asia for the North American command. That a rumour was in circulation, that a direct invitation has been received by Louis the XVIIth from Normandy, to return, and with an assurance that his standard would be surrounded by thousands who in their hearts are devoted to his cause.

Official despatches had been received from Lord Wellington, dated the 19th and 22d of Dec. By these it appears that Marshal Soult, after being frustrated in several movements, after the great battles that was fought between the 10th and 17th of Dec. in which it is said he left 17,000 killed and wounded on the field, had retreated from Bayonne towards Dax.

It is also said that Switzerland has joined the cause of the Allies against Bonaparte. The independence of Switzerland as it was before the French revolution is guaranteed by the allies.

Flanders, by the express request of the people, it is said is now united to Holland, under the name of the United Netherlands, with the Prince of Orange at their head.

About the end of Dec. it is stated that 300,000 of the allies crossed the Rhine at different points, taking the route by Luxemburg and Nancy.

LATEST FROM FRANCE. The brig Rambler has arrived at Boston from Bourdeaux—sailed the 9th of February. She brings the important intelligence that the Allies were entering France on the North and East. A portion of their armies were at Soissons, distant 58 miles, and the remainder at Fontainbleaux, distant 33 miles from Paris. A Congress of Belligerents was holding at Chatillon, 110 miles from that capital. It would seem that the Colossal power of France is diminishing in a greater proportion than that of its rise. The Pyramids of Egypt which Bonaparte visited, and then robbed the country of its ancient treasures, laugh to scorn his ephemeral grandeur, and teach mankind another lesson how transient is sub-lunar prosperity.

The British ship Falcon, with a cargo of dry goods, invoiced at 50,000l. has arrived at Boston, a prize to the privateer America.

The British brig Sovereign, prize also to the America, with a valuable cargo of butter, potatoes, coal, &c. has arrived at Portsmouth.

The Dedalus British frigate, within four days sail of Madras, struck upon a rock and foundered. Officers and crew saved.

The two French frigates lately taken by the Venerable 74, turns out to be the Alceste of 44 guns, and the Iphigene of 44 guns. This frigate it appears left her consort to her fate, who it is said actually boarded the 74, while she was boarded from the 74, and taken after having had 70 of her crew killed and wounded.

** This morning we continue our story of "ANTHONY and SERAPHINA." We give it to our Patrons as a PROOF that (however traduced) there is such a thing as talents in America. Those who have read much will discover beauties that might escape a superficial eye; and when it is remembered that it comes from the pen of a female, its merits will not be the less depreciated. Here is none of the trash so frequently retailed from the shops, but the effusions of a mind that many might envy; and to the authoress we feel indebted, when we consider that our pages have been adorned to a degree that perhaps Hannah Moore or Maria Edgeworth could not have reached or excelled.

Martial.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Lowell, Mr. Alex. M. Muir, to Miss Gloriana Read, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Cooper Mr. Lawrence P. Ackerman, aged 78, to widow Goodman, aged 31.

By the rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. John Sniffen, to Miss Mary Jane Culver, daughter of capt. Wm. Culver, all of this city.

Obituary.

DIED,

Mrs. Eliza Valentine, wife of Mr. Levi Valentine, aged 22.

Jacques Permele, late a respectable inhabitant of St. Domingo, aged 66 years.

Mr. Mathew Johnston, a native of Scotland.

Mrs. Rachel Hadden, wife of Mr. Zadock Hadden, aged 59.

Mrs. Elizabeth Simers.

Seat of the Muses.

[We give place to the following communication at the request of the person sending it, but are ignorant whether or not it is original.]

TO MARTHA.

FAIR as thou art, possessed of every charm,
Which e'en the breast of frozen age might warm ;
Deck'd as thou art with every matchless grace,
Of pleasing form and of bewitching face :

Altho' to me thy beauties matchless are,
Yet not alone thus charming and thus fair,
Yet not alone should this external fire
And fill my bosom with such pure desire.

Possessed of these alone thou couldst not move
My faithful heart to such excess of love.
A flame for you would not thus fire my soul,
Nor thus its every faculty controul.

Those charms which will exist when these decay,
Which long will bloom when these have died away,
Are those which beautify the nobler part,
Which shine fair maid, which centre at your heart.

Those are the charms which captivate my mind,
Those are the charms which my affections bind ;
Those are the charms by which you reign confess
Unrivalled empress of this honest breast.

Say, what is beauty, what a pretty face,
If the fair maid possess no other grace ?
Beauty may fan the sparks of fond desire,
A pretty face may set the soul on fire,

Yet will possession soon the passion cloy,
For oft enjoyment blunts the edge of joy.
Too soon, alas, youth's fiery transports cease !
Too soon will love's tumultuous pulse decrease !

The streams which now in quick sensation flow
Soon thro' thy veins will creep more cool, more slow.
The sparkling eye in some ill-fated hour,
Will lose its lustre and decline its power !

Then shall no more its lightning through thee dart,
Nor its soft languor melt the tender heart :
In vain shall fading beauty make its moan,
For lilies vanish'd and for roses flown.

Time, savage time, on her lov'd form shall prey,
And hide in winter clouds the bloom of May ;
His veil shall cast o'er every lovely charm,
And spread his wrinkles o'er the snowy arm.

Since then, dear Martha ! every charm must die,
Which fancy pleases or which strikes the eye,
Since then must fade each fascinating grace,
Which stamps the angel in the fair one's face,

Since cruel age each beauty will decay,
And winter's gloom succeed the summer's ray,
How blest the maid in whom with those combin'd,
Good sense prevails and virtue sways the mind ;

She's happily form'd for friendship and for love ;
As one declines the other shall improve.
Pleasure for her the laughing loves provide,
And heaven will bless such beauties in a BRIDE.

D. W. H.

(SELECTED.)

The following lines, composed by a young lady will excite an exalted opinion of the author's heart in the mind of the reader.

ELTRUDA o'er the distant mead,
Would haste at closing day,
And to the bleating mother lead
The lamb that chanced to stray.

For the bruis'd insect on the waste,
A sigh would heave her breast ;
And oft her careful hand replaced,
The linnet's falling nest.

To her, sensations calm as these,
Could sweet delight impart,
The simple pleasure most can please
The uncorrupted heart.

Full oft with eager steps she flies
To cheer the roofless cot,
Where the lone widow breathes her sighs,
And wails her mournful lot.

There, by the weeping mother's knees,
Her lisping infants clasp ;
Their meek imploring look she sees,
She feels their tender grasp.

Her aching bosom wildly heaves,
They mark the bursting sigh,
Nature has formed the soul to feel,
They weep unknowing why.

Her hands the liberal boon impart,
And much her tears avail,
To raise the mourner's drooping heart,
When feeble utterance fails.

On the pale cheek, where hung the tear,
Of agonizing woe,
She bids the cheerful bloom appear,
The tear of rapture flow.

AN ENIGMA.

AS Phoebus with his golden beams
Does melt the scatter'd snow,
Dissolves the late congealing streams,
And makes the waters flow :

So I dissolve the tender heart,
And melt the humble breast :
I do kind charity impart
To all that are distress'd.

When raging seas the vessel dash
Towards the bending skies ;
While thunders roar and lightnings flash,
I gaze with swimming eyes.

Or, When grim death with fury flies
The parent's life to take,
I on the orphan cast my eyes,
And ne'er can him forsake.

I in afflictions bear a part ;
I'm of the mournful train ;
May I, dear Emma ! grace thy heart,
And ever there remain.

Morality.

OCCASIONAL REFLECTIONS,

On the late Destruction of the Niagara Frontier

[From the Buffalo Gazette.]

O Distressed inhabitants of the late Village of Buffalo, where are thy dwellings ? Where the place of thy residence ? O thou emigrants, who were assembled on the delightful frontier of Niagara, who have borne the labors, fatigues and privations of settling a new and rugged country ! cultivating the forests into productive farms, and converting hamlets into villas ; raising upon the shores of the proud Niagara ; and the beach of Erie, villages which at once delighted the eye and ornamented the country, a country which a few years since was inhabited only by prowling heathen : here, strangers had formed familiar and endearing connexions ; the bands of society had just been forming : happy prospects ! But, alas ! in a moment, your hopes, your expectations, your all were blasted ; your houses in ashes, *like chaff before the wind fled ye* ; the blaze of your homes lighted you in your retreat ; the treasure you had for years been collecting ascended in vapour ; your fathers, wives, brothers, sons and husbands falling victims to the savage foe ; the shrieks of the wounded, and the groans of the dying have no other effect upon the savage heart, than to point out the wretched victim for the tomahawk and the scalping-knife ; the war-whoop was the requiem to the spirits of the dying ! the lamentations of starving children, and the situation of thy

still more wretched sons in captivity, add fresh wounds to thy lacerated bosom. You who lived in affluence and plenty, are reduced to poverty and distress—who once lived in seeming independence, are literally beggars.

Thus, the fire and the sword teach you the uncertainty of all human possessions, the mutability of all temporal things. Happy will it be for you, should these visitations work together for a spiritual and everlasting good; thrice happy, if you can so number your days as to apply your hearts unto true wisdom—These are earthly tabernacles made with hands ; but the righteous shall inherit tabernacles not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. An all-wise, almighty power ruleth the kingdoms of this world ; therefore, reconcile yourselves to the will of the Lord, who may yet count every evil a blessing, and work all things for good.

Anecdote.

A pretended wit was very free in playing his tricks upon a modest man, who told him he would do well not to make himself so ridiculous. "My friend," said the wit, "the materials of my composition are such, that I cannot help being so" No ! replied the other, "thou art made of good materials, but they want to be well beaten into decent form."

A poor man once came to a miser, and said, "I have a boon to ask"—"So have I," said the miser, "grant mine first, then I will comply with thine." "Agreed." Said the miser, "my request is that thou ask me nothing."

An old man, having buried his wife, and married a young woman, his son came to him and said, "Sir, wherein have I offended you, that you have brought a step mother into your house ?" The father replied, "You have not offended me at all, son ; on the contrary, you have pleased me so much, that I wish to have more like you."

Alcibiades, being astonished at Socrate's Patience, asked him, how he could endure the perpetual scolding of his wife ! Why, said he, as those do who are accustomed to the ordinary noise of wheels to draw water.

He that contemns a *Sarrow* to the degree of not descending to *word* it with her, does worse than *beat* her.

A certain bold woman came to Gratian, the Emperor, and with much clamour complained to him of her husband : to whom the emperor mildly said, Woman, what are these things to me ? Yes, said she ; for he hath also spoken many things against thy majesty : to which he then said Woman, and what is that to thee ?

THE MUSEUM,

Is published every Saturday, at two dollars per annum, or for fifty-two numbers, by JAMES ORAM. No. 13 Fair-street, near Broadway, New-York. City subscribers to pay *one half*, and country subscribers the *whole*, in advance ; and it is a positive condition that all letters and communications come free of postage.

WANTED

A YOUTH of 14 or 15 years of age, of suitable education and good character, as an apprentice to the PRINTING business, at the office of the New-York Weekly Museum.